

## Wichita Daily Eagle

## KEENAN'S BOLD CHARGE

A STIRRING INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

## A Big Yield.

C. H. Bullock, of Northfield, Minn., has obtained 1,120 bushels of potatoes from one acre of land. This is said to be by far the largest yield ever known, 300 bushels being usually considered a big crop. That the 1,120 bushels were all raised on one acre of ground is sworn to by a number of trustworthy people of the vicinity. Mr. Bullock will net \$300 for his product, nearly all clear gain. Last year he would have made \$600 off the same yield, as the price of potatoes was high then. The farmers in the vicinity are considering these figures and thinking of potatoes a good deal.—New York Sun.

## Speculations from Storms.

Physicists—that is to say, the physicists who are not idling—are now busy reaping the harvest of the thunderstorm which for a week or more have been the chief meteorological feature of our climate. Lightning of every type—zigzag, with sharply defined borders, without any apparent width, in sheets or in the shape of fireballs—has been seen, and several lives have been lost by these Olympian thunderbolts. But what is most curious is that cattle have been more frequently struck than human beings, even when the chances of both were equal. This has been noticed more than once by students of electricity.

Thus, a miller standing between a horse and a mule was only shaken a little, while the animals were killed. There is also the well known instance of the Abbey of Noirmoutier, near Tours, where a flash of lightning killed twenty-two horses without doing any other harm to the 150 monks whom it visited in the refectory than overturning the 150 bottles which contained their rations of wine.—London Graphic.

## A Family of Alligators.

David Cope, who occupies a shop on Gay street, has a family of nine young alligators which play around him like kittens. The saurians are from eight inches to a foot long and are about six months old. Mr. Cope caught them last spring in Florida, and brought them home with him for the amusement of himself and friends. They were very tame, and would snap at anybody who touched them when he first caught them, but they have now become quite tame when in the presence of any one that they are familiar with.

They play about Mr. Cope's feet and crawl about the floor. Catching flies is a great pastime with them, and their jaws shut on their food with a snap that is quick and startling. If a stranger enters the shop the alligators know it instantly, and make off into the corners of the room and hide themselves behind anything that may be convenient.—West Chester (Pa.) News.

## An Artist's Knock.

The days of Benvenuto Cellini are over past, and perhaps on the whole it is as well, but sometimes yet we may find an artist of genius applying his skill to motives not too bright or good for human nature's daily food. Harry Bates, the sculptor of "Hounds in Leash," bought by the Earl of Wemyss, and "Pandora," who soon will be taking her place among the other purchases under the Chantrey bequest, has just made a veritable chef d'œuvre in the shape of a knocker. The design, which represents an exquisite female figure standing in a pose of extraordinary grace, is apart from all technical excellencies, full of the pure spirit of classic refinement, strong, yet dainty, more perfect than the Tanagra statuettes, yet it would seem, touched with a kindred inspiration. The figure will be set silver and will lean against a brazen background.—London Telegraph.

## Prehistoric Monsters.

Near Highton about forty miles west of St. Thomas, Canada, was discovered the largest skeleton of any extinct animal yet found. It belonged to the order Mastodon giganteus, and measured twenty-two feet from end of nostrils to tip of tail. The tooth only of one of these huge monsters of prehistoric times was dug up recently at Falling Springs, near Belleville, Miss., which weighed 14 pounds 12 ounces, and had the skeleton been discovered it would probably have been found to be that of an animal thirty feet long.—Exchange.

At a ball in Liverpool a gentleman, for a joke, removed a chair just as a male guest was about to sit down. The victim fell to the ground and injured his spine. He brought an action in the Liverpool county court, and the practical joker was ordered to pay the plaintiff's claim, \$300, with costs.

A new freezing apparatus for laboratory use has been constructed by M. Ducrest. It is called the cryogen, and in it the expansion of liquid carbonic acid, escaping through a coiled metallic tube, quickly causes a fall of temperature to 100 degs. or 119 degs. below zero, Fahrenheit.

A three year old child died at Topeka, Kan., the other day, which had lived for twelve months on raw eggs and milk. A year ago it ate some soft soap, and after that its stomach would never retain anything but the diet mentioned.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1876.



W. BAKER & CO'S  
Breakfast  
Cocoa  
from which the excess of  
oil has been removed, is  
Absolutely Pure  
and it is Soluble.  
No Chemicals  
are used in its preparation. It has  
more than three times the strength  
of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot  
or Sugar, and is therefore far more  
economical, costing less than one cent  
a cup. It is delicious, nourishing,  
strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED,  
and admirably adapted for invalids  
as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.  
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

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THE sun had set;  
The leaves with dew  
were wet;  
Down fell a bloody  
dusk.  
On the woods, that  
second of May,  
Where Stonewall  
corps, like a  
beast of prey,  
Tore through with  
angry task.

"They've trapped us, boys!"  
Rose from our flank a voice.  
With a rush of steel and smoke  
On came the rebels straight.  
Eager as love and wild as hate;  
And our line reeled and broke;

Broke and fled.  
No one stood—but the dead!  
With curses, shrieks and cries,  
Horses and wagons and men  
Tumbled back through the shuddering pines,  
And above us the fading skies.

There's one hope, still—  
Those batteries parked on the hill  
"Battery, wheel!" (said the roar)  
"Pass pieces, fix prolongs to fire."  
Retiring, "Trot!" in the panic dire  
A bugle rings, "Trot!"—and no more.

The horses reined,  
The cannon lurched and lunged,  
To join the hopeless rout.  
But suddenly rode a form  
Calmly in front of the human storm,  
With a stern, commanding shout:

"Align those guns!"  
(We knew it was Pleasanton's)  
The cannoniers bent to obey,  
And worked with a will at his word,  
And the black guns moved as if they had heard:  
But, ah, the dread delay!

"To wait is crime,  
O God, for ten minutes' time!"  
The general roared around  
There, where a stone,  
With his three hundred horse alone—  
Less shaken than the ground.

"Major, your men?"  
"Are soldiers, general." "Then  
Charge, major!" he roared.  
Hold the enemy back at all cost,  
Till my guns are placed; else the army is lost.  
You die to save the rest!"

By the shouted gleam of the western skies,  
Brave Keenan looked in Pleasanton's eyes  
For an instant—clear, and cool, and still;  
Then, with a smile, he said, "I will."

"Cavalry, charge!" Not a man of them shrank.  
Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on rank,  
Rose joyously, with a willing breath—  
Then forward they sprang, and spurred and  
clashed.

Should the officers, as custom saith;  
Route the men, each brave as his fellow,  
In their faded coats of the blue and yellow;  
And above in the air, with an instant's truce,  
Like a flash of war, their men drew.

With clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,  
And under that shine like sunlit reeds,  
And strong brown faces bravely pale  
For fear their proud attempt shall fail,  
Three hundred Pennsylvania riders  
On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came  
To the wood that was ring'd with  
flame.  
Rode in and sabered and shot—and fell;  
Nor one came back to tell  
And full in the midst rode Keenan, tall  
In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall.

While the circle stroke of his saber, swung  
Round his head, like a halo threw  
light.

Line after line, ay, whole platoons,  
Rode dead in their saddles, of brave dragons,  
By the maddened horses were onward borne  
And into the vortex flung, trampled and torn.  
As Keenan fought on his horse-side by side,  
So they rode, till there were no more to ride.

But over them, lying there, shattered and mute,  
What deep, yet loud, 'Tis a death salute  
From the cannon in place, for heroes, you  
braved.

Your fate not in vain, the army was saved!  
Over them now, year following year,  
Over their graves the pines come fall;  
And the slain, ever with chants the specter call:  
But they stir not again; they raise no cheer;  
They have ceased. But their glory shall never  
cease.

Not the light bequeathed in the light of peace,  
The rush of the charge is resounding still  
That saved the army at Chancellorsville.  
—George Parsons Lathrop.

Major Keenan's daring deed at Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863, was worthy the immortal setting given it by the poet, and the world should know how much Hooker, who is often noted, though falsely so, as deriding the valour, owed to the gallant troopers on that disastrous battlefield. The published accounts of the charge have given rise to much controversy, but conflicting statements may be so harmonized as to confirm an essential particulars, and I give below a story of participants who have told of the scene, phases of the affair, as remembered long years after.

In "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" (Century Co., publishers), John I. Collins, a member of Keenan's battalion of the Eighth Pennsylvania cavalry, describes the incident in a paper recounting his personal experiences in the charge. He says: "On the afternoon of May 2, 1863, the Eighth Pennsylvania cavalry was ordered to dismount, slack saddle girths and rest in the vicinity of Gen. Hooker's headquarters at Chancellorsville. Some of the men fell asleep and their horses, some began talking to the battle, while a knot of officers, who always improved such occasions in this way, sat at their favorite table of power. Suddenly an order from headquarters made a complete change in the scene at the word 'mount' the soldiers as well as the talkers sprang into their saddles, and the regiment of cavalry took the place of a lounging crowd.

"Passing to the left of Chancellorsville House we crossed our line of battle at the edge of a wood, and came up with a reconnoitering party that had captured the

Twenty-third Georgia. We had heard that Lee was retreating and supposed that this unfortunate regiment had been sacrificed to give the main body a chance to escape, but while we were commiserating the poor fellows, one of them defiantly said, 'You may think you have done a big thing just now, but wait till Jackson gets around or your right.'

"We laughed at this harmless bravado for we did not think he would betray Jackson's move had been known anything about it; but while we were trying to get up in a country, we were met by a force of musketry and artillery on our right confirmed his speech. We now came back at a gallop

toward a point between the place where we were resting and the place where the battle was raging. As we rode into an elevated clearing, called Hazel Grove, the regiment was brought into line. We surprised a disordered and heavily braced ourselves to the onset, not knowing whether we were to make an attack or wait there to receive one.

"The roar of musketry was now heavier and nearer; the vast woods between us and Dowdall seemed to shake with it. There was no time to ask or to wonder what had happened, for the regiment was ordered off at a gallop. After riding about three hundred yards we turned into a narrow road that promised to take us into the midst of the enemy. Half a dozen horsemen in cadet gray—most likely a general's staff or something of the kind—were in the lead, and they were ready for us. The unfortunate squadron that led caught all the fire as we dashed along the narrow lane, and we who rode next to it got only the smoke from the enemy's guns. We could reach nothing as yet, and could see nothing but fire and smoke, for their line of battle was safely posted behind a thicket that lined the rest of the road, while their rifles were aimed through it.

"It was a long lane and a hot lane to get through, but the lane had a turn, and we got to it at last, when we reached the Plank road and struck Rodes' (Confederate) division right in the front. We struck it as a wave strikes a ship—the ship is staggered, may be thrown on her beam ends, but the wave is dashed into spray and the ship sails on as before.

"Major Keenan, who led his battalion in the charge, the captain in command of the leading squadron, the adjutant and a few score of their followers went down at this shock together. The detail sent over to recover their bodies after the battle said the major had thirteen bullets in his body,

the adjutant alive and the others fewer. It was reported by some who rode close to the major that he shouted, 'To the right!' seeing that the impetuous masses on his left could not be forced, and that there was no way out but over the thinner lines on his right. When turning at full speed my horse was killed and I was pitched over his neck on the roadside. Here I parted company with the regiment. When I jumped to my feet I had time to take only one glance at my surroundings. My sole thought was to escape capture or death. On one side were masses of Confederate infantry doubled and bent by the charge, their officers trying to recover their alignment; on the other side the survivors of the leading squadrons were galloping on the Plank road, the others breaking over the Confederate skirmish line as far back as I could see into the woods.



DEATH OF MAJ. KEENAN.

Col. Pennock Huey, who was major of the second battalion of the Eighth Pennsylvania cavalry at the time, has published a history of the charge, which he describes substantially as follows: "On reaching the Plank road it appeared as if the Confederates were about to be packed about as closely with the enemy as it possibly could be. We turned to the left, facing the Confederate column, the regiment crowding on, both men and horses, in a frenzy of excitement, which nothing but death could stop. We cut our way through, trampling down all who could not escape, and using our sabers on all within reach for a distance of about a hundred yards, when we received a volley from the enemy which killed Maj. Keenan, Capt. Arrowsmith and Adj. Haddock, three of the noblest and most gallant officers of the war, besides a large number of men. All three of the above named officers fell at the same time and from the same volley. Maj. Keenan falling against me and landing on the ground under my horse.

"Capt. Andrew B. Wray, who rode with the second squadron in Maj. Keenan's battalion, published his recollections of the charge in the Philadelphia Press in 1888. The following is condensed from that account: "When moving on a walk, the distance of about a quarter of a mile we had mounted, we heard the command, 'Draw sabers!' and saw the first squadron draw them. We then heard musketry firing.

"We of the second squadron knew that our time was at hand, and Capt. Corrie, commanding the second squadron, gave the order to draw sabers and charge. Taking a road we found the road took a bend as we proceeded. When we turned the corner of the wood road, or lane, a sight met our eyes that it is impossible for me to describe. After charging about a quarter of a mile, the horses of the first squadron were charged into Jackson's column, and as luck would have it, found them with empty rifles, thanks to our dead comrades ahead. The enemy were as thick as bees, and we appeared to be among thousands of them in an instant.

"The enemy were as much surprised as we were, and thought, no doubt, as they now say, that the whole cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac was charging them. I remember hearing a number of men call out, 'I surrender, I surrender.' We did not stop to take any prisoners. We could not turn around and get out in the face of the enemy, and the only thing left for us was to go through them, sink or swim."

The charge had all the effect of a successful forlorn hope, and Keenan's fall at the head of his band places his name with those of Parsonsworth, Bayard, Lowell and other heroes of the cavalry.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Murray's Queer Habits.

My friend, Christian Murray must have a marvelous constitution, because since about the time he ran away from school he has been carefully inverting the laws of life and of Dr. Benjamin Richardson, apparently without any detriment, except to the laws. He had an enormous capacity for work. While many were talking and smoking all around him I have known him to go on working away at a chapter of his novel with as much serenity as the laziest Southern ever enjoyed among his cats. The rapidity of his writing on such occasions was astonishing, and for four hours at a stretch he never seemed to pause save for the necessary filling of a pipe or the polishing of his eyeglasses.

After a spell of romantic he went at a few weeks' newspapering, then he disappeared to the country for about two weeks of landscape painting. He usually came back to town "dead broke," when he settled down for a week or so and wrote love songs by the mile. With a replenished cheque he took a walk in the country, occasionally breaking a window or getting up in a country, and he was known to provide himself with new experiences and new material for the newspapers or magazines.—Chicago Post.

## Wichita Wholesale &amp; Manufacturing Houses.

The houses given below are representative ones in their line, and thoroughly reliable. They are furnished thus for ready reference for the South generally, as well as for city and suburban buyers. Dealers and inquirers should correspond direct with names given.

CHICAGO LUMBER CO.  
Wholesale and Retail  
LUMBER DEALERS!  
Corner First Street and Lawrence Avenue.  
Chicago, Ill.  
Dealers in all kinds of lumber, shingles, etc., and in all kinds of building materials.  
Established 1877.

BUTLER & GRALEY  
Wholesale Dealers  
PIECED & PRESSED  
TINWARE.  
Job Work of all kinds promptly attended to.  
213 South Main, Wichita, Kan.

W. C. WILLIAMS,  
Wholesale and Retail  
Dealers in the California Powder Company's  
Shooting Powder, Fishing tackle, nets and Tackle.  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in all kinds of  
either wood or black powder. Factory located  
at the foot of Douglas Ave., Wichita, Kan.  
Established 1877.

Huse & Charlton Crockery Company,  
Importers and Jobbers of  
CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, LAMPS, PLATED-WARE and CUTLERY.  
230 North Main Street, Wichita, Kansas.  
Mail Orders Given Prompt Attention.

THE C. E. POTTS DRUG CO.  
(Formerly Charles E. Potts & Co., Cincinnati, O.)  
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.  
Goods Sold at St. Louis and Kansas City Prices.  
233 and 235 South Main Street, - - - - - Wichita, Kansas.

LEWIS B. SOLOMON  
Wholesale Cigars,  
BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, WICHITA, KANSAS.  
Our leading brands of 5 cent cigars are: La Merced, La Florida, La Perla, La Estrella, King of Hearts, etc. etc. etc. in order to receive prompt attention, all goods guaranteed. We also carry a full line of Key West Imported and Domestic cigars.

THE WICHITA OVERALL AND SHIRT MANUFACTURING CO.  
MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF  
Overalls, Jeans, Cassimere and Cotton Pants; Duck Lined Coats and Vests;  
Fancy Flannel and Cotton Overalls; Canton Flannel  
Undershirts, Drawers, Etc.  
Factory and Salesroom 139 N. Topeka, Wichita. Correspondence Solicited.

Robert M. Maxwell. Elbert L. McClure.  
MAXWELL & MCCLURE,  
Wholesale Dealers in  
NOTIONS, FANCY GOODS, Etc.  
No. 237 & 239 S. Main St., WICHITA, KAN.

HAD TO GO AND HE WENT!

HE RODE TO DENVER ON A WOMAN'S TICKET AND STRUCK LUCK.

How a Willy Ticket Scalper Helped a Man Along on the Road and Incidentally Saved Himself Fifteen Dollars. The Stranger Did His Part Nobly.

There is today in Kansas City a man of middle age who was formerly a ticket broker in the halcyon days of that fraternity.

One day in looking over his mail he received a query as to what a ticket from Kansas City to Denver was worth, good for fifteen days. He replied that such a ticket was worth fifteen dollars, and in two days he received it by mail. Casually glancing at it with his customary methodical business habits, he immediately sent fifteen dollars to the seller. In rounding up the day's business, however, and taking account of stock he discovered that his Denver ticket was issued to a woman—Mrs. Alice Blackwood.

Now here was a case. Women never called at his office to buy tickets, and it was almost impossible to find a woman who would consent to use a scalper's ticket.

On the day on which the ticket expired a lean, double jointed, unsophisticated young man entered his office and said: "Friend, have you got anything to Denver?"

"Yes, I've got a ticket to Denver, stranger, but you can't use it; it's for a woman."

The stranger calmly replied: "Friend, I can use anything. I'm bound to go to Denver, and if I can't get a ticket I start to walk this very night." The ticket broker requested the stranger to write the name, Alice Blackwood, to correspond with the name upon the ticket, and was horrified to see the man turn his head to one side and stick out his tongue in an effort to write the name, and at the end of two minutes, hand him the paper with the name written thereon. The characters, as they appeared to the scalper, would have sufficed to obtain a bundle from any Chinese laundry, and the hope of getting fifteen dollars for the Denver ticket sank out of sight.

"Stranger," said he, "you won't do; you can never use that ticket."

"Friend, I can use anything; I must go to Denver," persisted the traveler.

Now, the scalper had a young man in his office who was an expert penman, and encouraged by the man's candor and the hope of saving fifteen dollars, he put him to work, and in a few minutes the name on the ticket was changed to read from "Mrs. Alice Blackwood" to "Mr. Alice Blackwood."

The ticket had to be countermanded and stamped at the general office at the depot before it could be used, and this had to be done discreetly or detection would follow. The expert penman wrote the name Alice Blackwood on the back of the ticket to correspond with the name on the face thereof, and the stranger was told to go to the depot, where the arrival of an eastern train, and when the crowd should gather about the ticket office, to have the ticket stamped, to crowd in, grab a pen, ask for a blotter and pretend to write, and then get in a face with somebody by pretending that they had tramped on his toes. At the same time he was instructed to demand that his ticket be stamped. He was told to get up some kind of excitement to attract the attention of the ticket agent from too close scrutiny of the changed ticket.

He listened attentively, and simply saying: "Friend, I can do anything, for I've got to get to Denver," took the ticket and departed for the depot. Little he knew that the scalper that the ticket was changed would pass unnoted, yet he slipped across the street and had half a dozen business cards written, reading, "Alice Blackwood, attorney at law." In the course of two hours the man returned from the depot, having successfully obtained the general office stamp on the back of the ticket, giving to the scalper of the broker.

The traveler was then given the business card and advised to be on his dignity, and if the conductor offered to put him off the train to take two or three of the passengers' names, hand the conductor one of the cards with the remark, "I am going to Denver, and I have a letter to write to my mother, and to make the conductor force him off the cars. 'Do this,' said the scalper, 'and you may perhaps get to Denver on that ticket, but I would not give you five cents for your chance. The probability is that you will be put off on train before it gets five miles. Now you can go! I won't charge you a cent for the ticket, but if you get to Denver all right I want you to send me fifteen dollars.'"

"Friend, all right; you have done me a big favor. I can go anywhere," is all the stranger said, as he pocketed his business cards and walked away. The broker, in his good nature, felt sorry for the man. He had no idea that he would get beyond the shadow of the depot on the changed ticket, and almost regretted that he had given it to him. Minutes passed. No news came from the ticket, and the incident had almost slipped from the scalper's mind, when one day he received a letter containing a crisp ten dollar bill, which read as follows:

"FRIEND—You did me a big favor, and I got to Denver O. K. on that ticket. Things are picking up with me, and I send you ten dollars on account."

Several months again rolled round, when another letter came to the broker as follows:

"FRIEND—Things are coming my way, and I send you ten dollars for balance on that Denver ticket; the extra five dollars is for your trouble and for interest."

"ATTORNEY AT LAW. Collections a specialty."

To say that the scalper was surprised by the second letter, in finding out that his stranger and gaudy friend had longed for his shingle, and was attorney at law at Tin Cup, Colo., but faintly expressed his feelings.

Time rolled on, and again the incident of the Denver ticket had escaped the scalper's mind, when one day one of the most prominent business men in Kansas City visited his office and wanted a ticket for Tin Cup, Colo. He and the scalper were old acquaintances, and the former hesitated his fate in having to make the trip. He said that he had large property interests at Tin Cup, and that he was having great trouble with his agent, who failed to collect, remit, or correspond with him; that he was greatly oppressed by business affairs at home, and did not have the time to make the trip to Colorado, and expressed a desire to have some good man to look out for his interests there.

At this juncture the scalper happened to think of "John Smith, attorney at law," collections a specialty," and told his visitor the story of the Mrs. Alice Blackwood ticket. Correspondence was opened between the Kansas City man and John Smith, attorney at law, which resulted in the latter being made sole agent and manager for the Kansas City man, and he for him this position.—Kansas City Journal.

WHOLESALE BOOTS AND SHOES.  
THE GETTO-McCLUNG BOOT AND SHOE CO.,  
135 and 137 N Market Street, Wichita, Kansas.

Are now in receipt of large consignments of Goods for the Spring Trade, to which they invite the attention of merchants. Orders by mail carefully filled. Send for price lists

THE JOHNSTON & LARIMER DRY GOODS CO.,  
WHOLESALE.  
Dry Goods, Notions and Furnishing Goods.  
Complete Stock in all the Departments.  
119, 121 & 123 N Topeka Ave. - - - - - Wichita, Kansas.

THOMAS SHAW  
WHOLESALE DEALER  
Pianos and Organs  
Street music and looks. All kinds of music goods, brass bands and orchestra music. 129 1/2 Street, Wichita, Kansas.

J. A. BISHOP,  
Wholesale and Retail  
WALL PAPER  
Paints, Oils and Glass.  
150 N Market St., Wichita, Kan.

CHAS. LAWRENCE,  
—DEALER IN—  
Photographers' Supplies!  
102 E Douglas Avenue,  
Wichita, Kan. Telephone Connection

J. P. ALLEN,  
Druggist.  
Everything Kept in a First-Class Drug Store  
105 EAST DOUGLAS AVE.  
WICHITA, - - - - - KAN.

WICHITA BOTTLING WORKS.  
OTTO ZIMMERMAN, Prop.  
Bottlers of Ginger Ale, Champagne, Cider, Soda Water, Standard Nerve Food, also General Western Agents for Wm. J. Kemp's Extra Pale. Cor. First and Waco Sts., - Wichita.

WICHITA WHOLESALE GROCERY CO.,  
Wholesale Grocers,  
OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE 212 TO 213 SOUTH MARKET STREET  
Keep everything in the grocery line, show cases, scales and grocers fixtures. Sole agents for the state for "Grand Republic" cigars, also sole proprietors of the "Royalty" and "La Inocencia" brands.

LEHMANN-HIGGINSON GROCER CO.,  
Wholesale Grocers,  
203 AND 205 N. WATER STREET.  
Sole Agents for the Celebrated Jersey Coffee, the best package coffee in the market.

ROYAL WORCESTER CUTLERY, THE BEST IN THE WORLD.  
A WRITTEN WARRANTY given with each Knife, Fork or Spoon.  
Royal Worcester Cutlery Co., U.S.A.  
This cutlery represents the best of the world's cutlery. It is made of the finest materials, and is of the highest quality. It is the only cutlery that is made in England. It is the only cutlery that is made in the United States. It is the only cutlery that is made in the world.

WICHITA PLUMBING AND PUMP CO.  
Manufacturers of and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in All Kinds of  
Wood, Iron and Chain Pumps.  
Either for Driven or Open Wells.  
Pipes, Fittings and Plumbers Supplies.  
Telephone 114. Office 128 N. Market, Wichita, Kan.

In the breezes all summer, or whether, after a certain time they are stealthily gathered by a martinet collector, to be melted for another season's use, is not stated by the German paper which tells of this pretty, if rather sentimental, custom.

A Two Hundred Dollar Speech.

A certain well known German physician of the south side was the victim of his own "prevarications" the other day. He had successfully treated a wealthy lady's daughter for diphtheria, and the lady was extremely grateful for it. When the child was thoroughly well mother and daughter appeared at the physician's office. The little girl shyly handed the physician a most little pink purse, which the lady went on to say: "For having saved my child, doctor, I want to present you with this purse."

"But," said the physician, after an embarrassing pause, "I have sent you a bill for \$200."

The lady flushed, then said quietly: "Let me have the purse, please."

She took two \$100 bills out of it and returned it to him with the remark: "There are \$200 in there now, so your bill is paid," and left the room.

Now the doctor is carrying his chimney tongue for the bad break it made. That little speech cost him \$200.—St. Louis Republic.

Why We See People in Dreamland.

It is quite possible that impressions upon the mind and upon the nerve of sight might suffice to convey the faintest suggestion of the actual presence of one whose image appeared in a dream, for the last object which the dreamer beheld before falling asleep were its subconscious and its contents. He dreams of them, and also of the figures of his friends, which seems to be in the midst of them, and he will in consequence assert most positively on the following morning that "he was not asleep."

"He distinctly saw the figure standing beside his bed," he could not be mistaken.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Aluminum has been suggested as a material for coins, but there are objections to it. It has always a grayish feel, due to the presence of a slight but unavoidable film of oxide of aluminum over its surface.

A Roomman's Custom.

A pretty custom, similar to that observed in England, Scotland and the United States on St. Valentine's Day, the 14th of February, is in vogue in Romania on the 1st of March. This is the day indicated in the state and church calendar as the official date for the beginning of spring.

The masculine portion of the population is not favored with valentines as in this country, but the daughter, friend, sweetheart or bride may be quite sure of receiving her tokens of affectionate remembrance on that day. These little gifts are called marionettes, and are made of bronze, silver or some cheaper material in the shape of hearts, stars and medallions. These little amulets bear the date March 1, accompanied by that of the year, and any motto or inscription which may occur to the giver as appropriate.

The recipient of the marionette wears it held by a small chain, on her arm or hung around her neck until in her walks abroad she sees a rose in bloom or hears the song of the nightingale. Then she takes it off and hangs it on the next green bough to which she comes as an offering to Mother Nature, for whom all Romanians have a great love.

Whether these little medallions are allowed to hang on the bushes and swing in the breeze, or whether they are worn, is left to the discretion of the giver.